


MARVEL®

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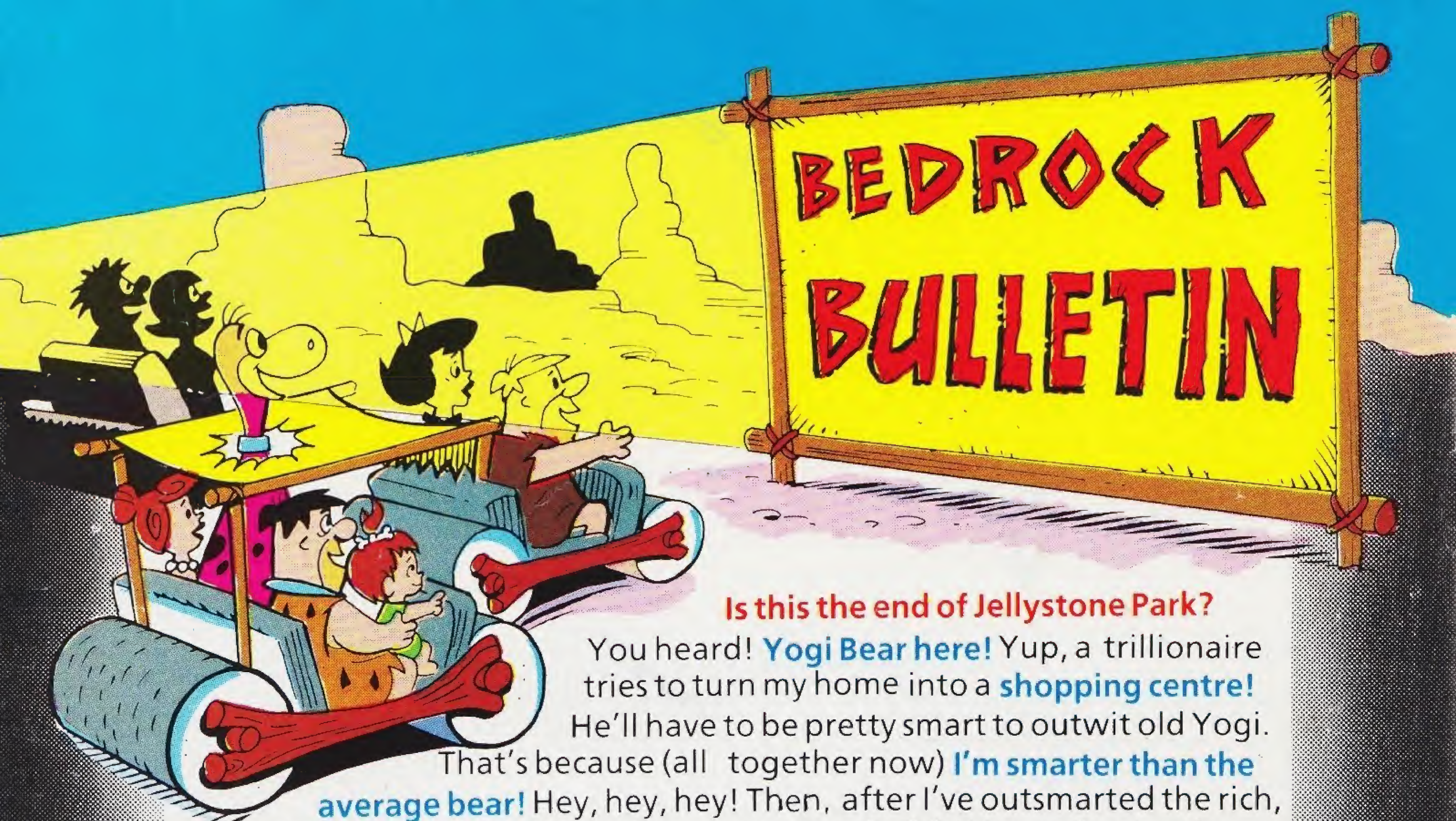


13th Aug '88
No 8 38p

THE FLINTSTONES

AND FRIENDS





Is this the end of Jellystone Park?

You heard! **Yogi Bear here!** Yup, a trillionaire tries to turn my home into a **shopping centre!** He'll have to be pretty smart to outwit old Yogi. That's because (all together now) **I'm smarter than the average bear!** Hey, hey, hey! Then, after I've outsmarted the rich, it's business as usual outsmarting Ranger Smith! Yes, indeedy, it's pic-a-nic baskets galore for Yogi once more! Over to you **Mr. Flintstone!**

Mr. Flintstone! That's very formal Yogi!

Sorry Fred, sometimes I **feel** formal! Hey, hey, hey!

Ahem. Over to you **FRED!**

Gee, thanks Yogi.

YABBA-DABBA-DOO!

What have we got for you this time? First there's . . .

ME!

I get **suggestive**, nudge, nudge, know what I mean? Then I become a Barbarian, eh? **Then there's . . .**

YOGI BEAR!

You know about. **Then . . .**

SCOOBY-DOO!

Scooby sings a duet with his pop idol **Elton Morrisey!** **On to . . .**

BUILD BEDROCK!

Part 8. The **police station.** Yes, your chance to jail your favourite characters – no kidding! **And finally . . .**

YOUR LETTERS!

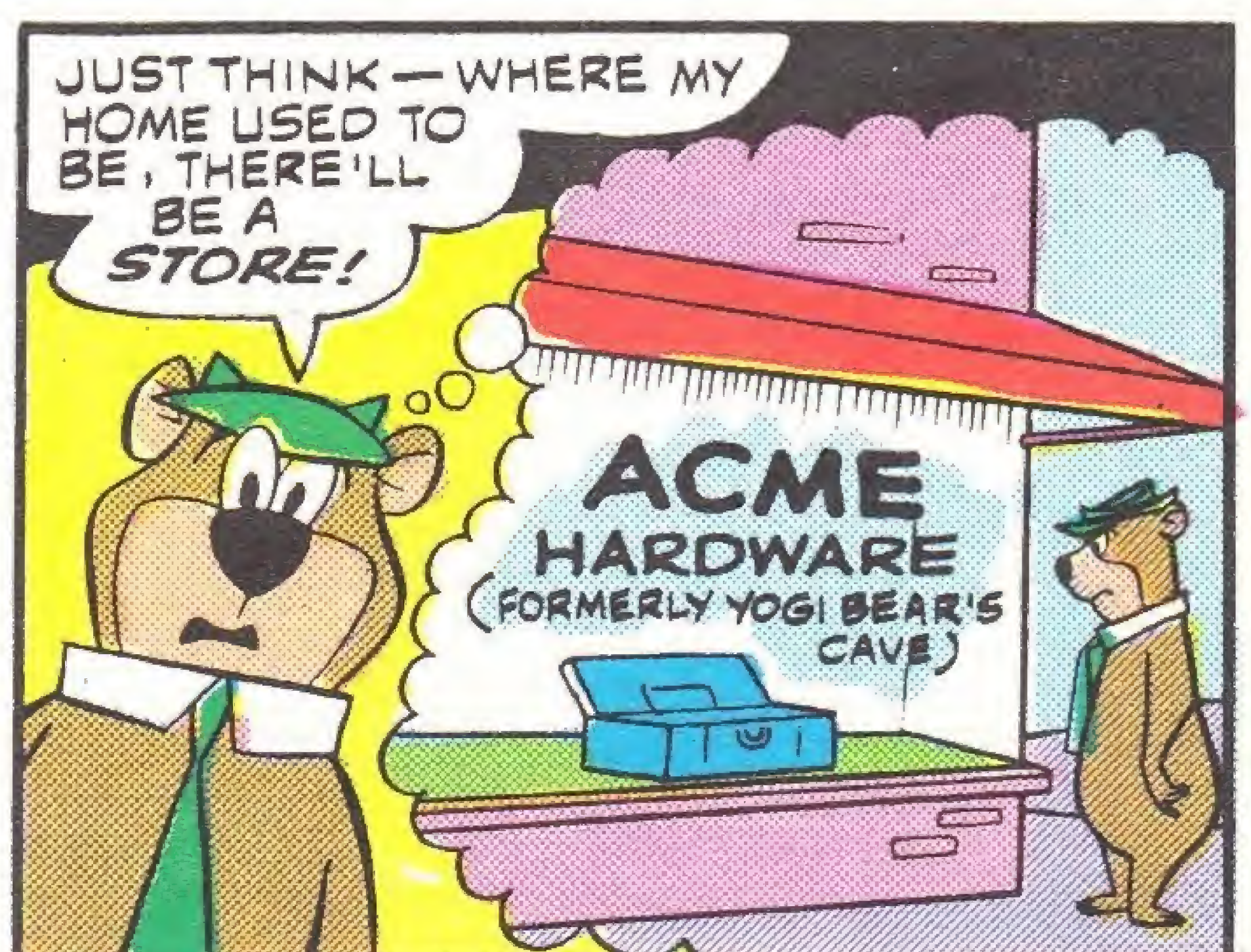
My marriage **analysed!** A letter to Wilma. Who?

WILMA!

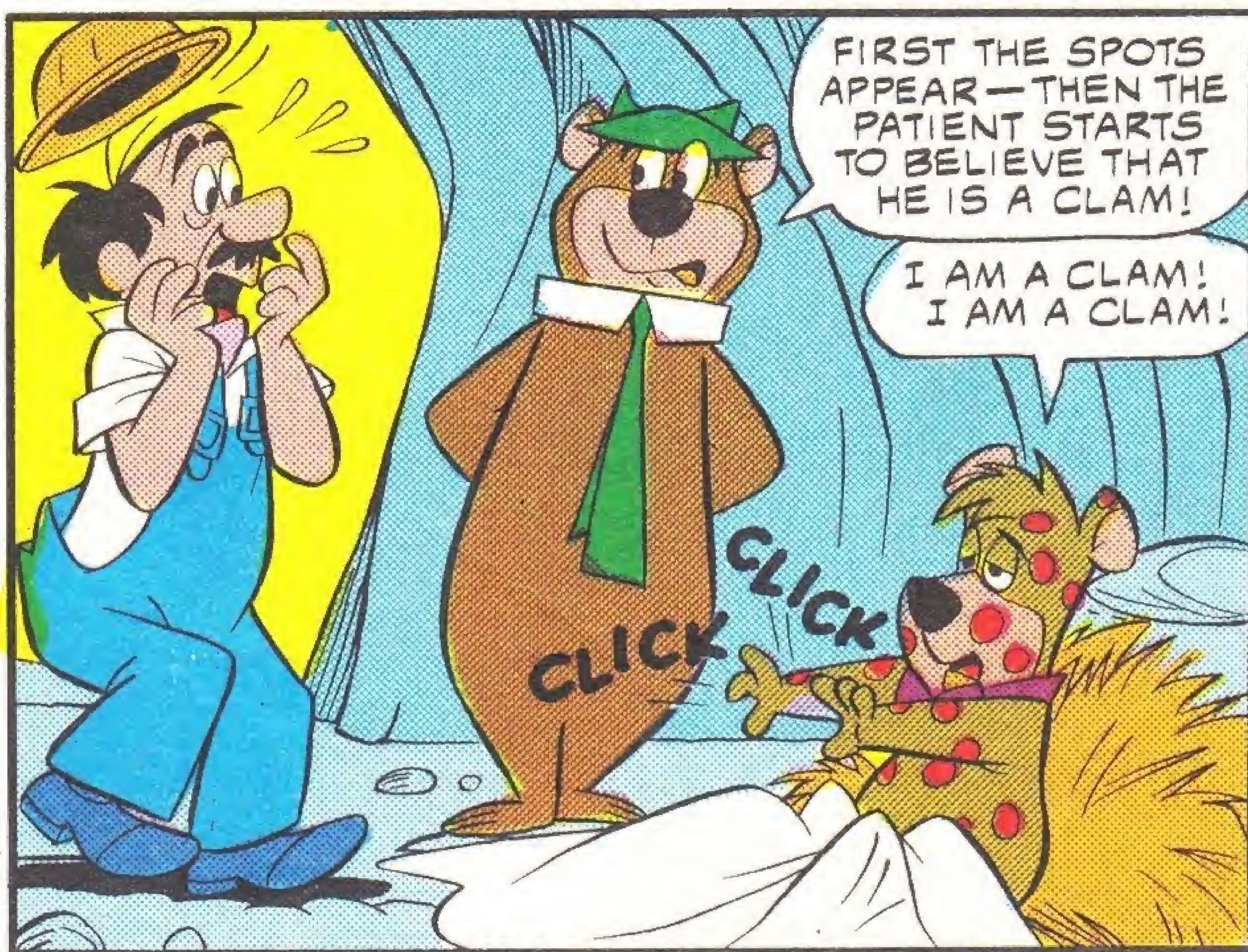
HE'S SMARTER THAN THE AVERAGE BEAR!

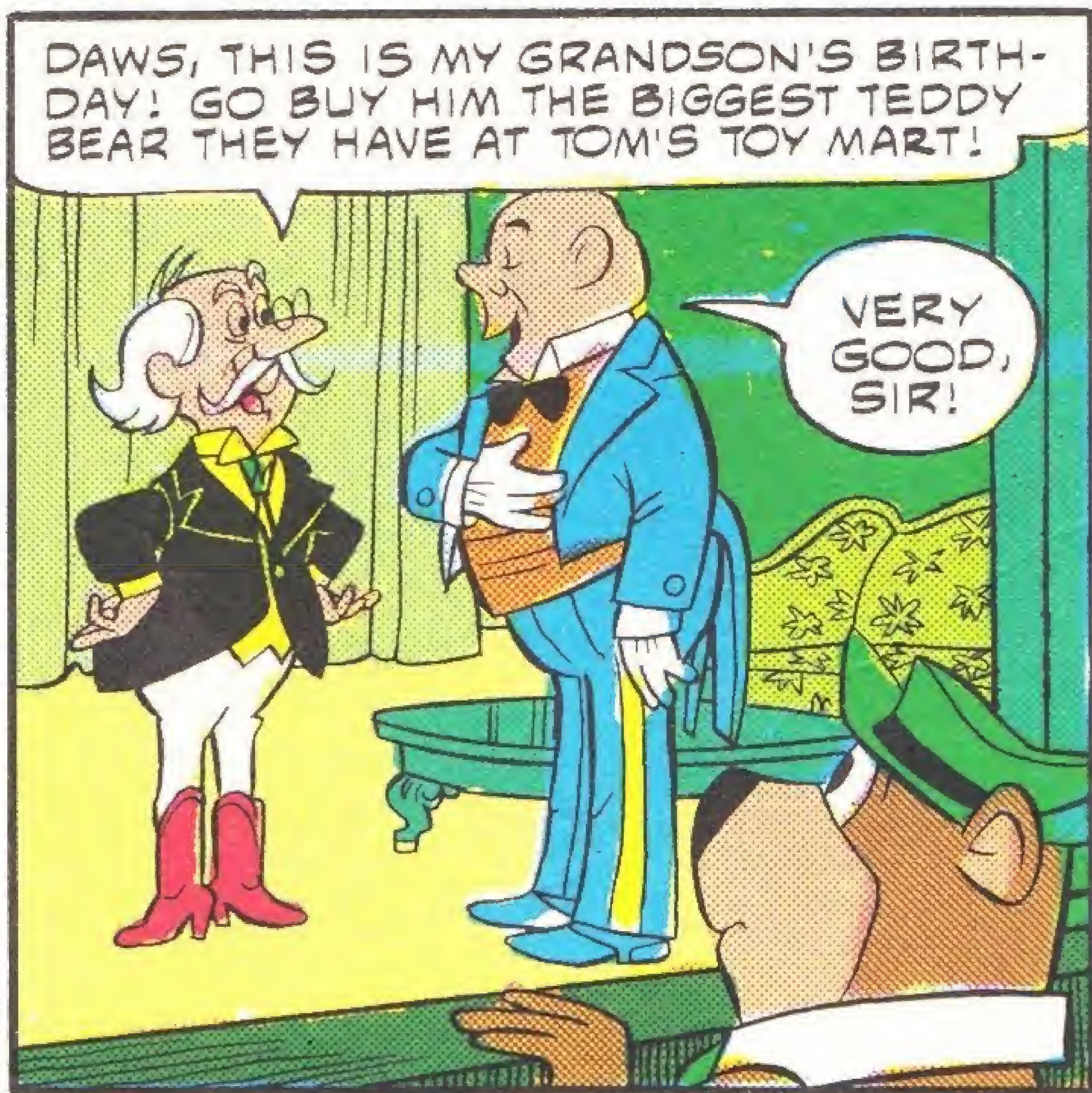
YOGI
BEAR

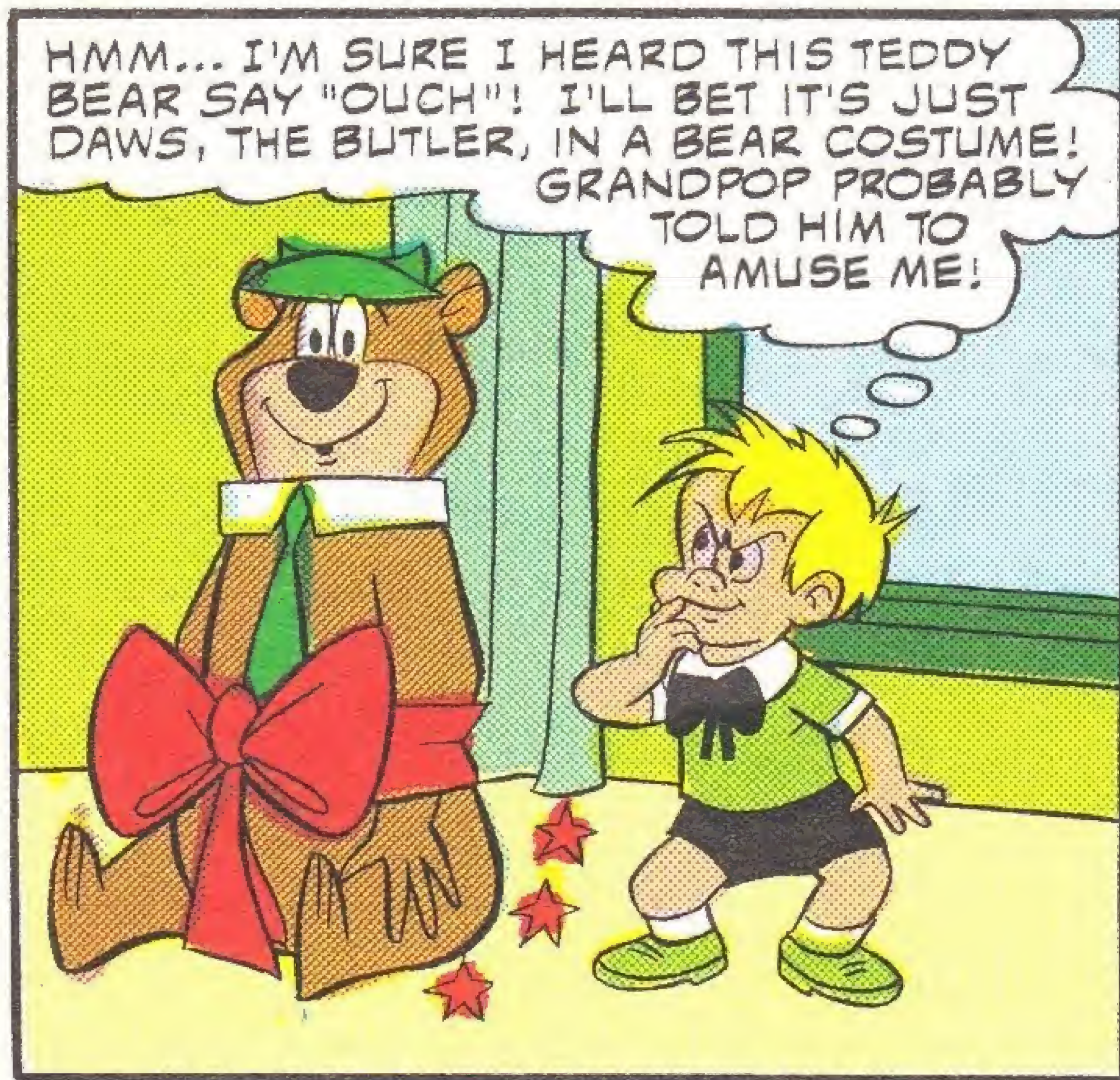
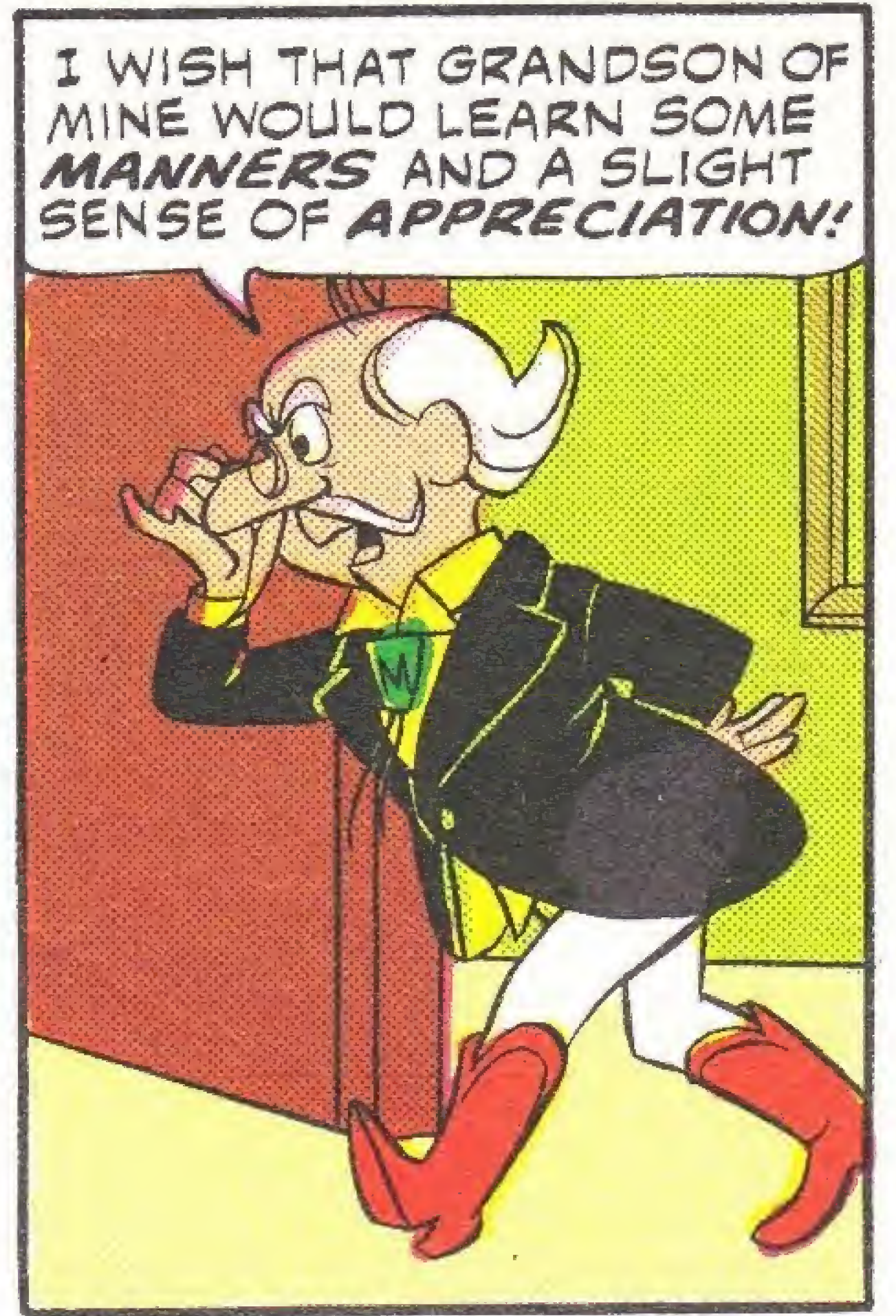
THE TRILLIONAIRE'S BEAR







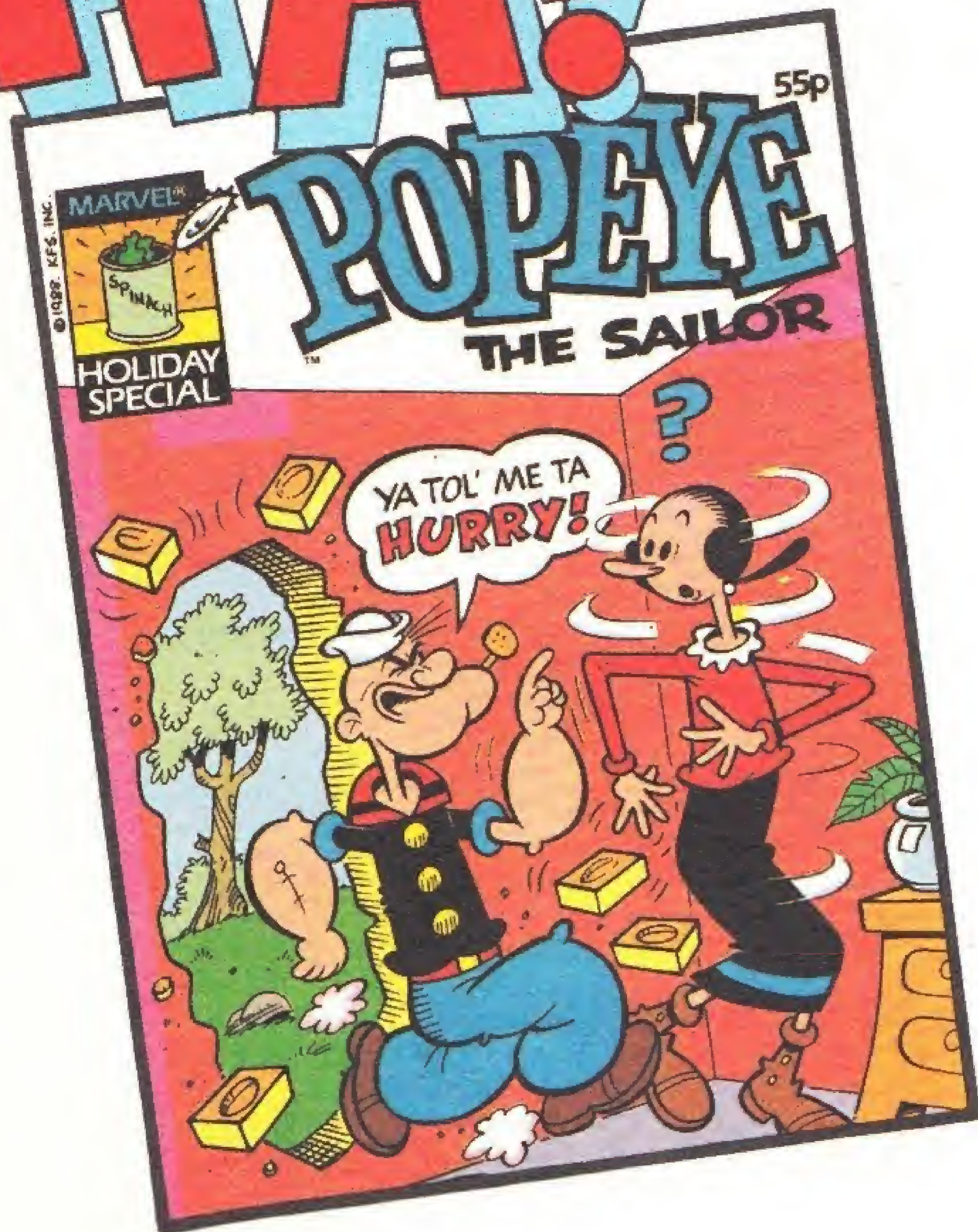








HAA!



HEE!

HO!



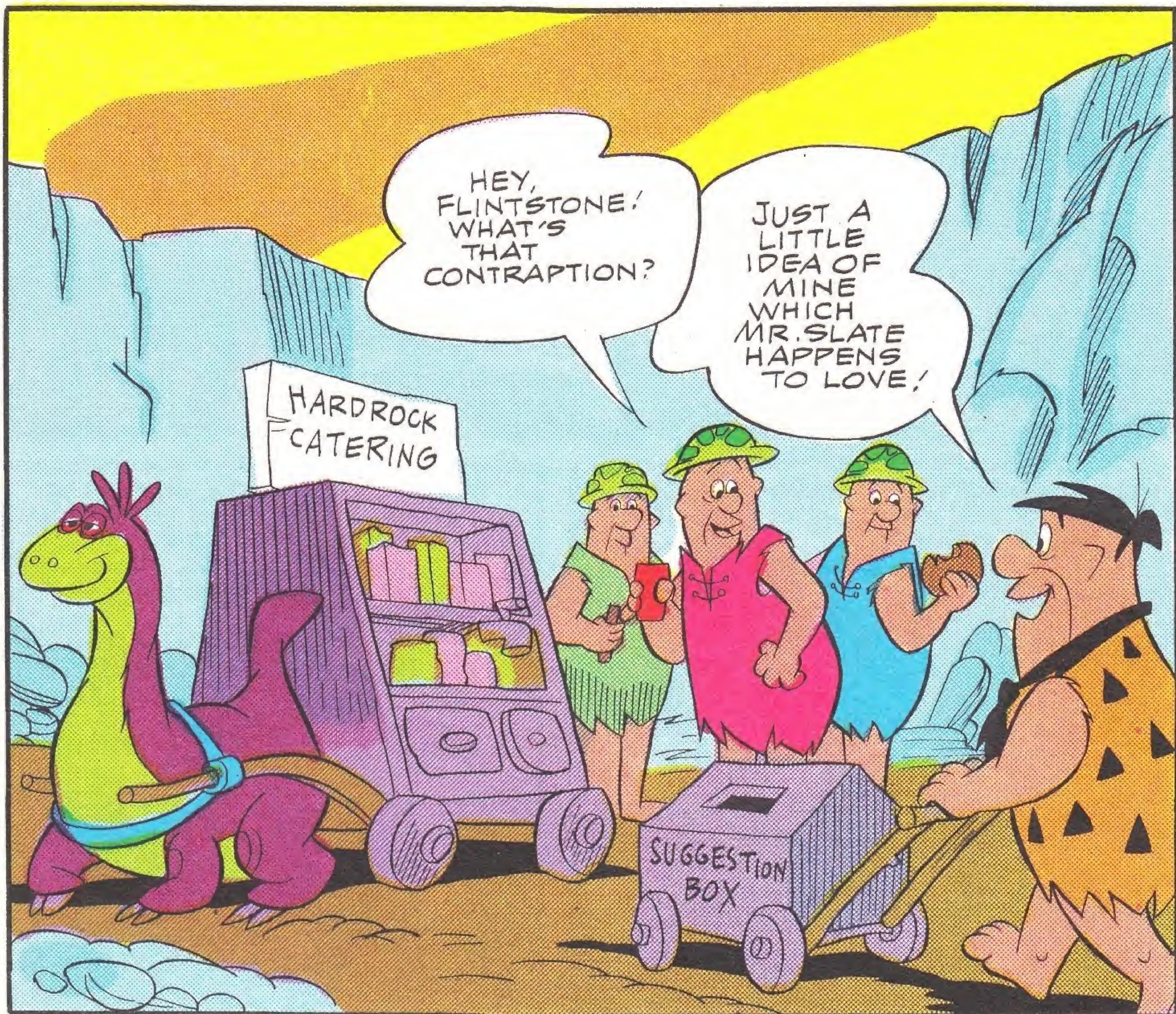
DON'T MISS
OUT ON THE
LAUGHS!

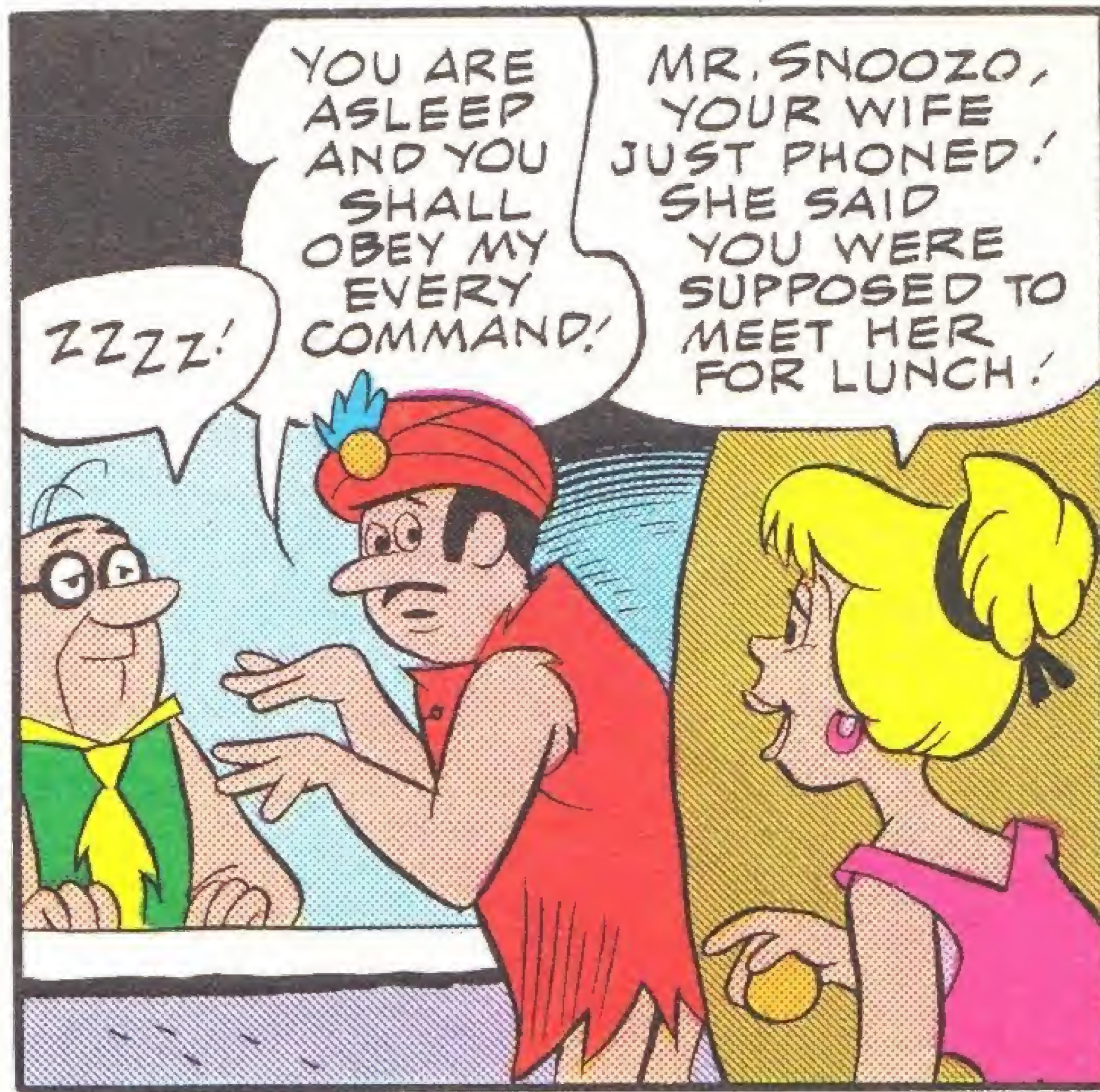
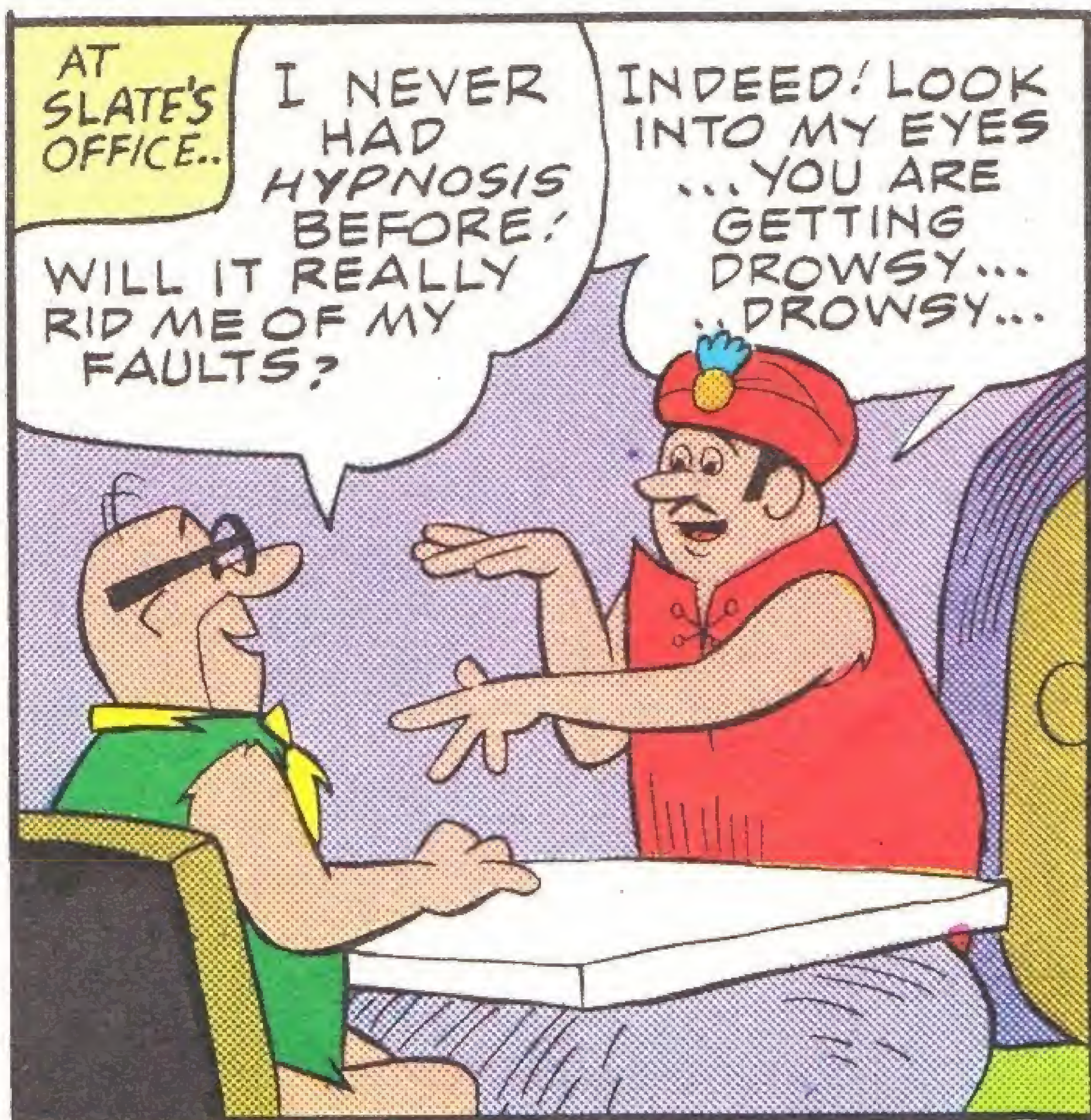


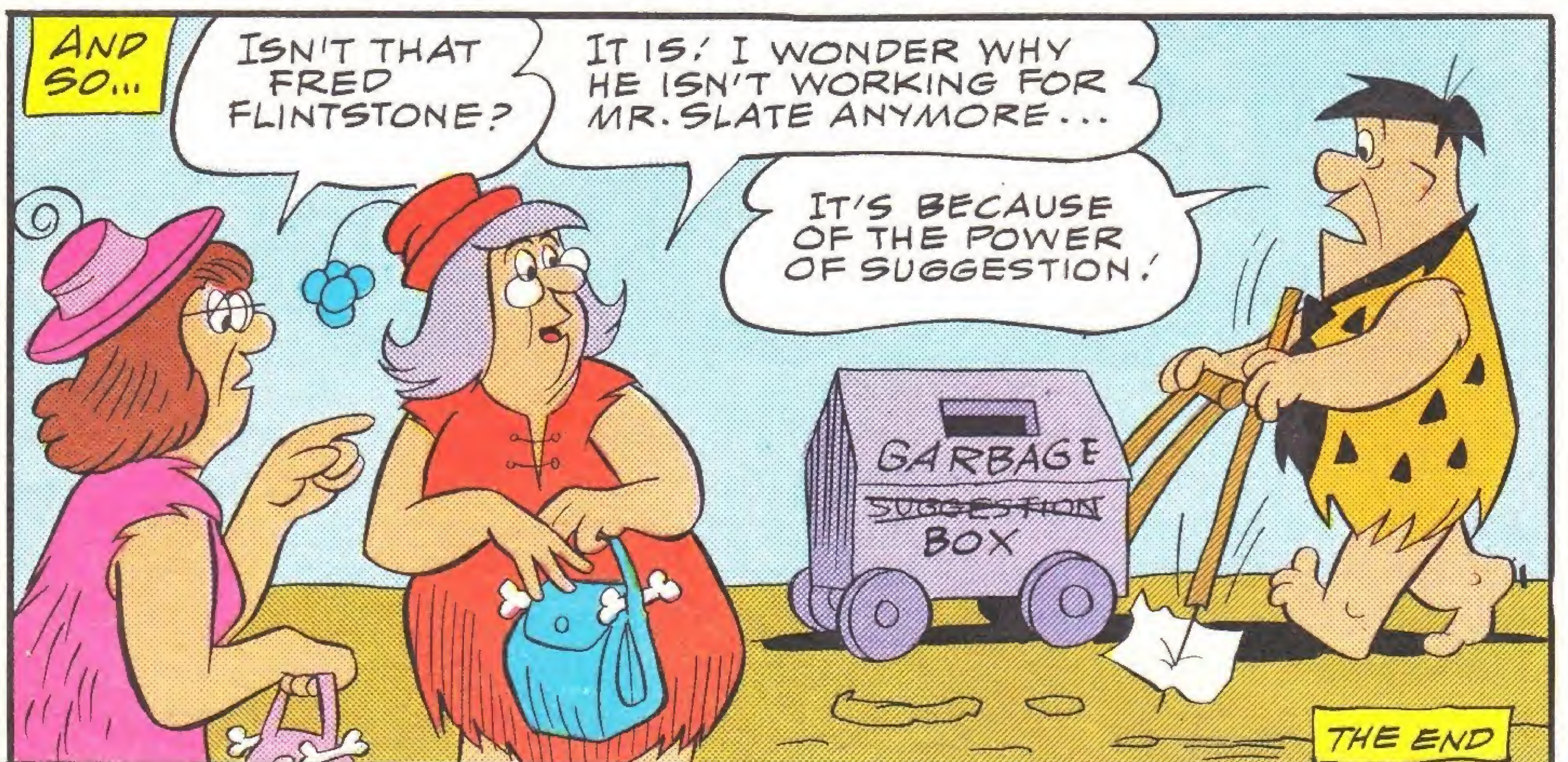
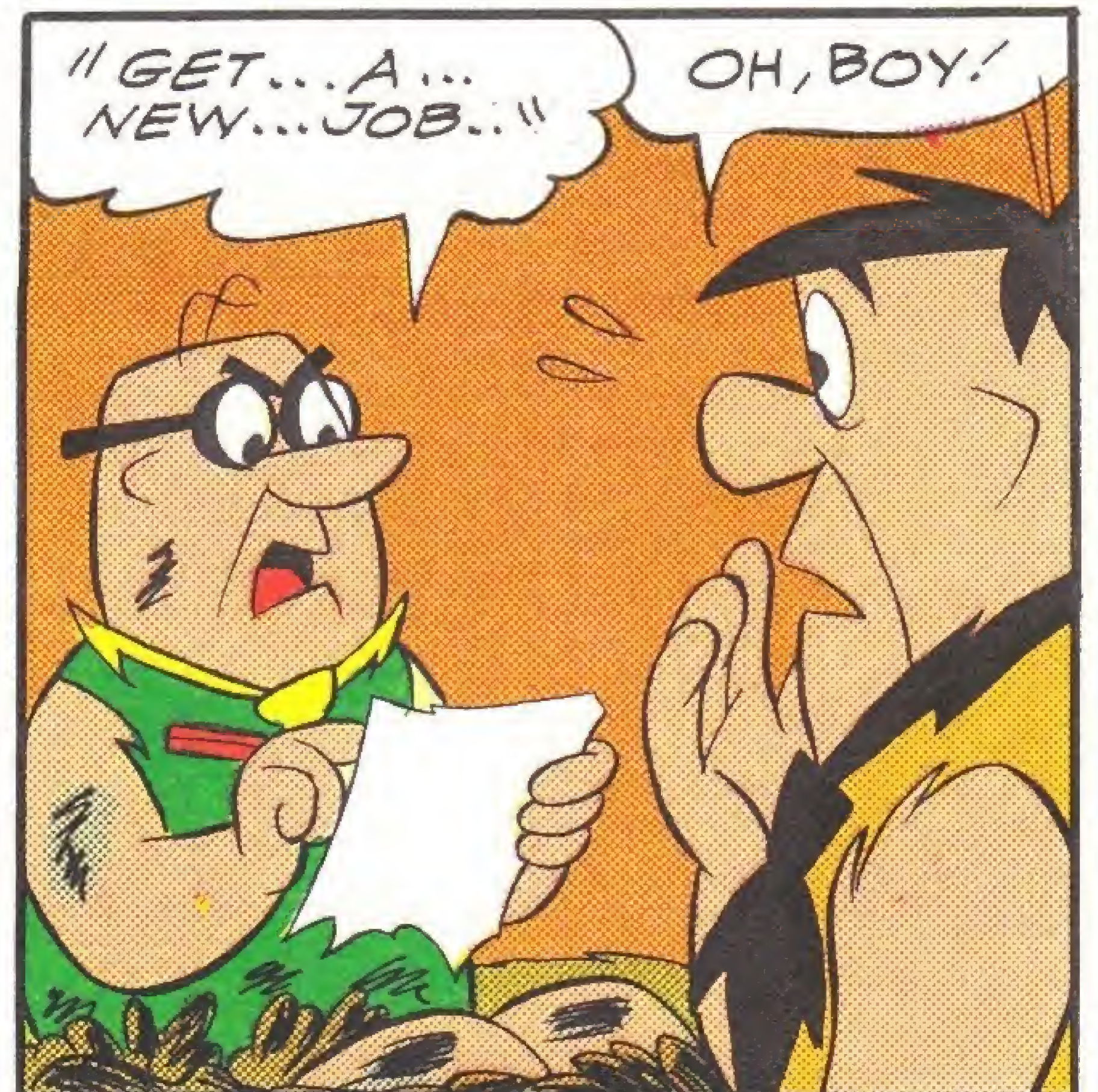
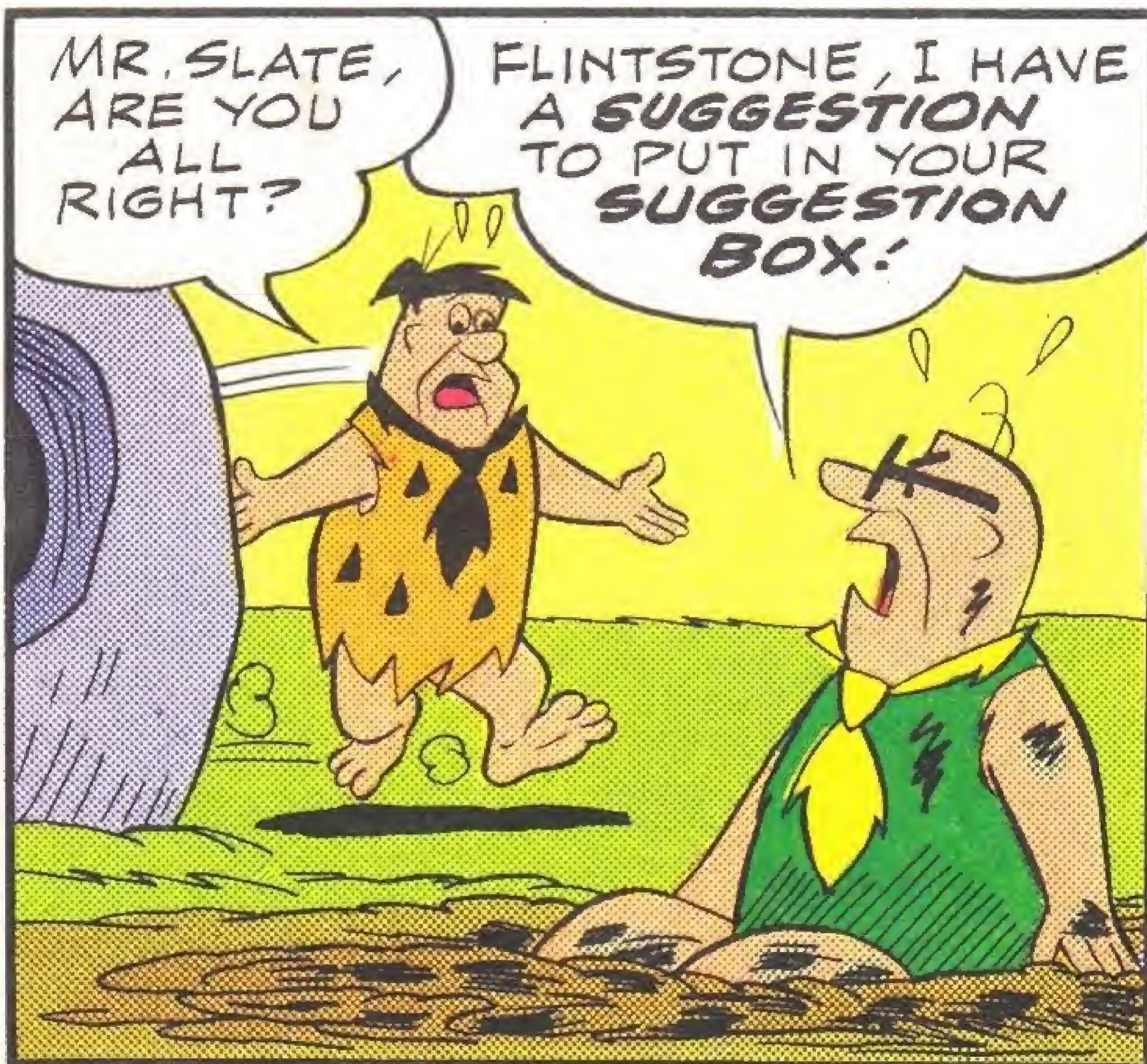
**2 HUMOROUS
HOLIDAY
SPECIALS
ON SALE NOW!**

55p

MARVEL®

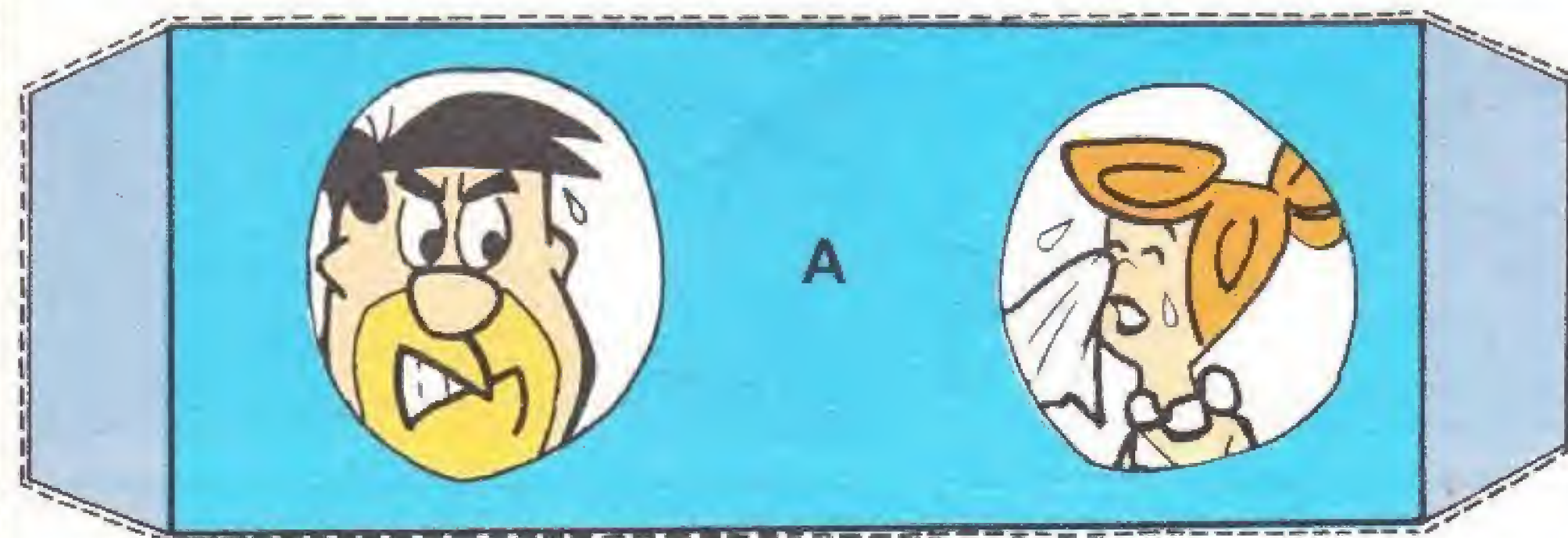




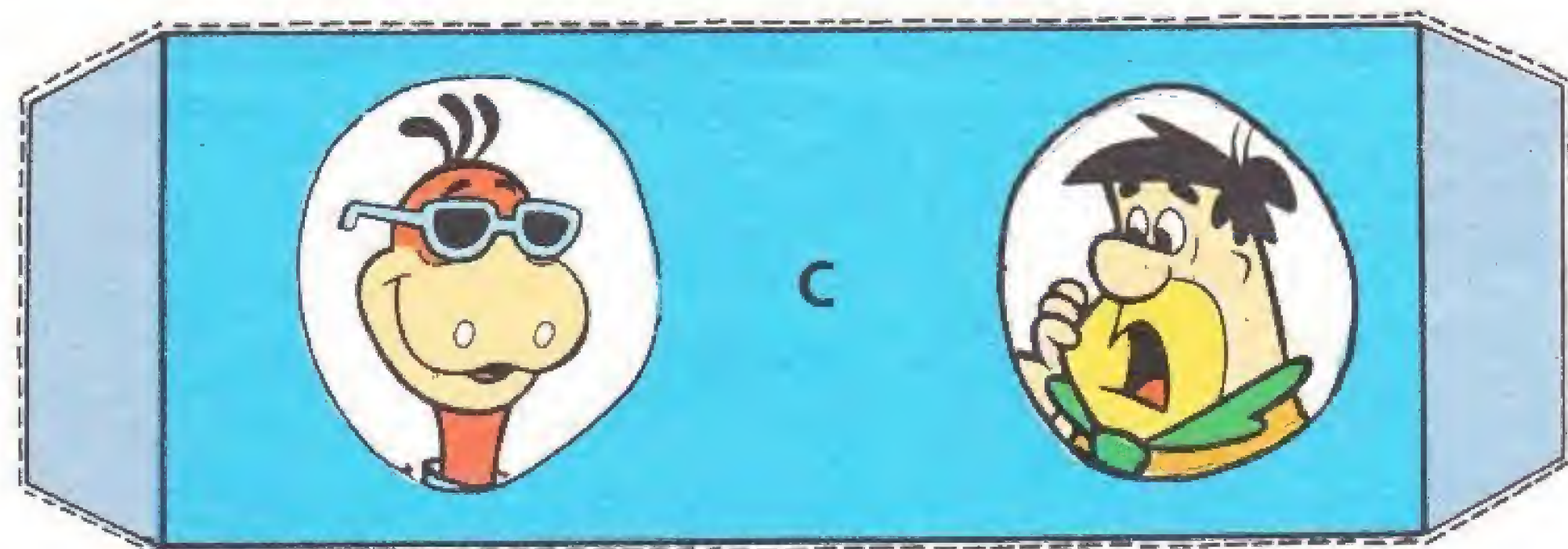
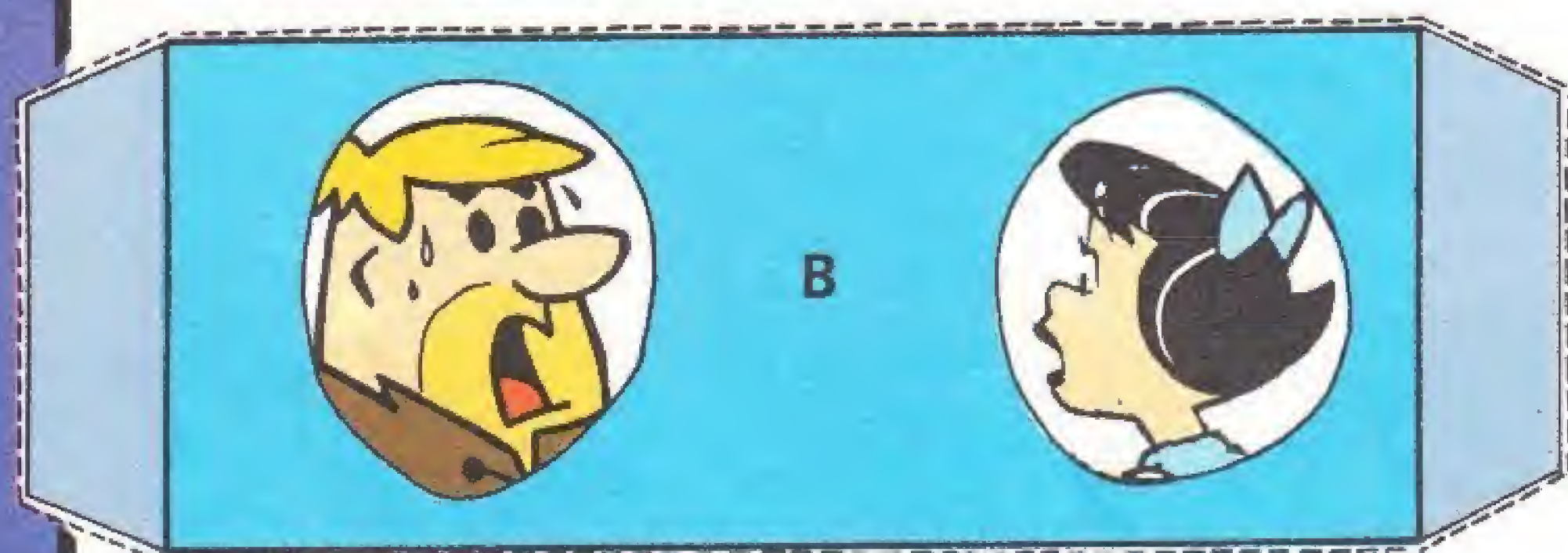


BUILD BEDROCK!

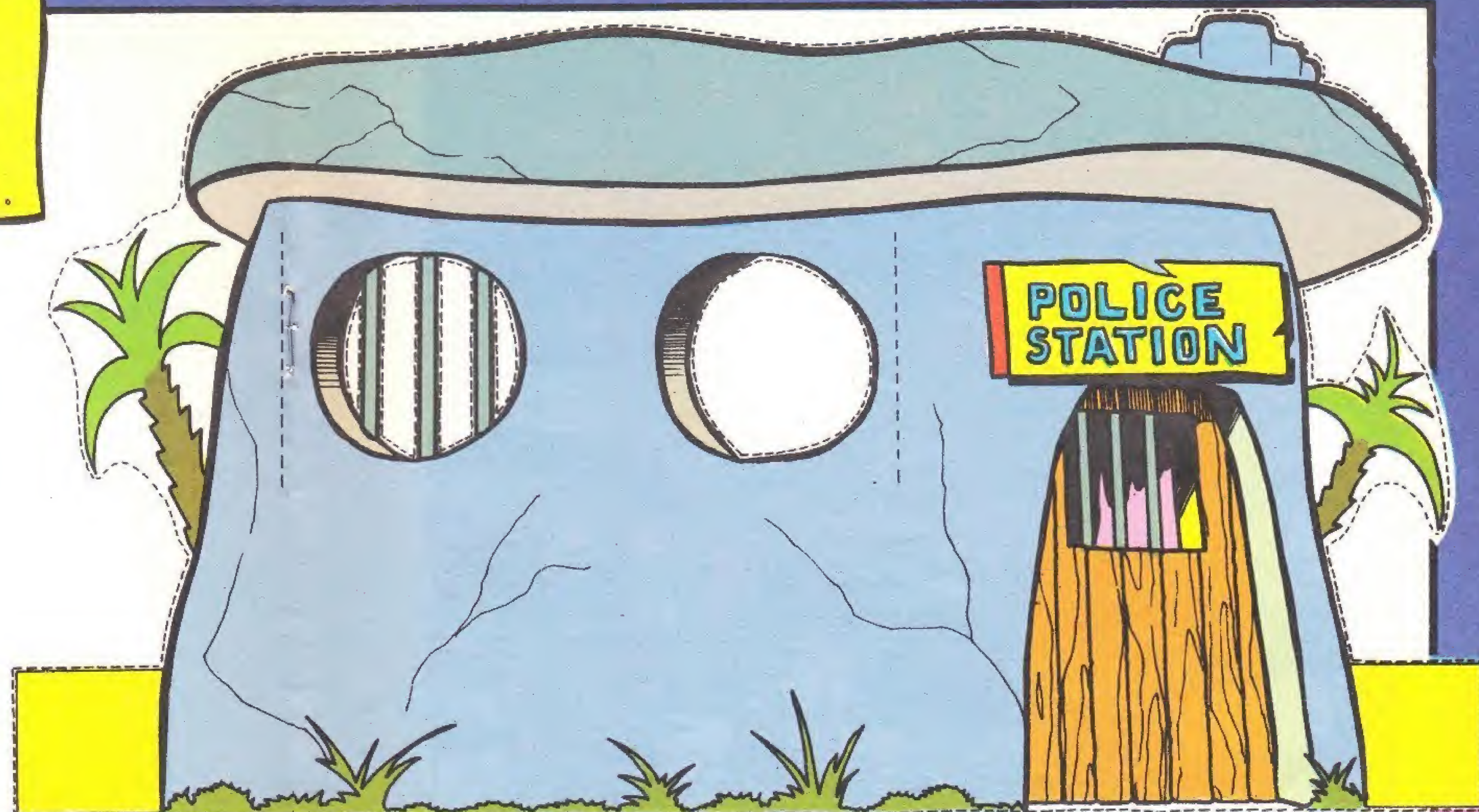
Part 8 – The Police Station.



THE PEOPLE IN TROUBLE



Yes, **Bedrock Police Station!** That's the **last** place you want to be if you live in Bedrock. Yet sometimes it can happen. Stick this whole page onto thin card, cut along the dotted lines and fold as shown. As well as the station and three **mean**-looking policemen, if you slide any of the cards **A**, **B** or **C** into the slots on the station wall, you can jail your favourite characters alongside their **worried** relatives.



THE STATION



THE FORCE

Wow! What could they have done? Make up your **own** stories! Are you building **Bedrock**? Isn't it exciting? Next issue we give you **Part 9- The Water Buffalo Lodge**, to add to your collection!

HANNA-BARBERA'S

SCOOBY-DOO

THE HORRIBLE HOUND SOUND

TAVISH MACDOLIGAL IS VELMA'S THIRD COUSIN, TWICE REMOVED, AND HE HAS A PROBLEM...

I BUILT THIS HOTEL HERE, MYSELF—IT'S AN EXACT REPRODUCTION OF A CASTLE IN MY NATIVE LAND...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

REAH... ROOTIFUL!

THAT IT IS—AND SURE IF IT ISN'T GVIN' ME HEADACHES, KIDS... AND ALL BECAUSE OF THOSE **DRATTED DOGS!**

RATTED ROGS?

EASY, POOCH—I'M TALKIN' ABOUT THE **HOUNDS** IN THE FOG! GHOST-HOUNDS, THEY ARE! LISTEN...

REAH... RISTEN!



HEAR THAT?
EVERY NIGHT, THE
SUN GOES DOWN
AND **THAT** STARTS!

I CAN'T
KEEP A GUEST
IN THIS HOTEL
TO SAVE MY LIFE!
THEY ALL **RUN**
AWAY WHEN THEY
HEAR THOSE
FRIGHTENING
SOUNDS!



IT'S UNFAIR! I'D
WRITE MY CONGRESSMAN
IF I COULD WRITE AND
HAD A CONGRESSMAN!



RIGHTENING
ALL RIGHT!

SCOOBY! GO AFTER
THAT DOG! **YOU** CAN
TAKE CARE OF **HIM**!



NO, SCOOBY...
WE'RE **NOT** FLIPPING
A COIN TO SEE
WHO GOES! **YOU'RE**
GOING!



AROOOOOOO! AROOOOOO!

NOISY DEVIL,
ISN'T HE?



ALSO
SKINNY!

A MICROPHONE AND A
TAPE RECORDER! THIS
MIGHT BE A GOOD
CHANCE TO PRACTICE
MY SINGING!



SCOOPY'LL GET TO
THE BOTTOM OF
THIS!

DON'T WORRY,
MR. MACDOUGAL!

WHAT COULD BE
WORSE THAN THAT
HORRIBLE HOWLING?



SCOOPY DOO! RA-RA!
OH SCOOPY DOO!

WELL, *THAT*
ANSWERS MY
QUESTION!

SCOOPY
MUST BE
IN *PAIN!*

NO, THAT'S
JUST HOW
SCOOPY
SINGS!



OH, ROOPY
ROOPY ROOPY!
SCOOPY, SCOOPY,
SCOOPY!

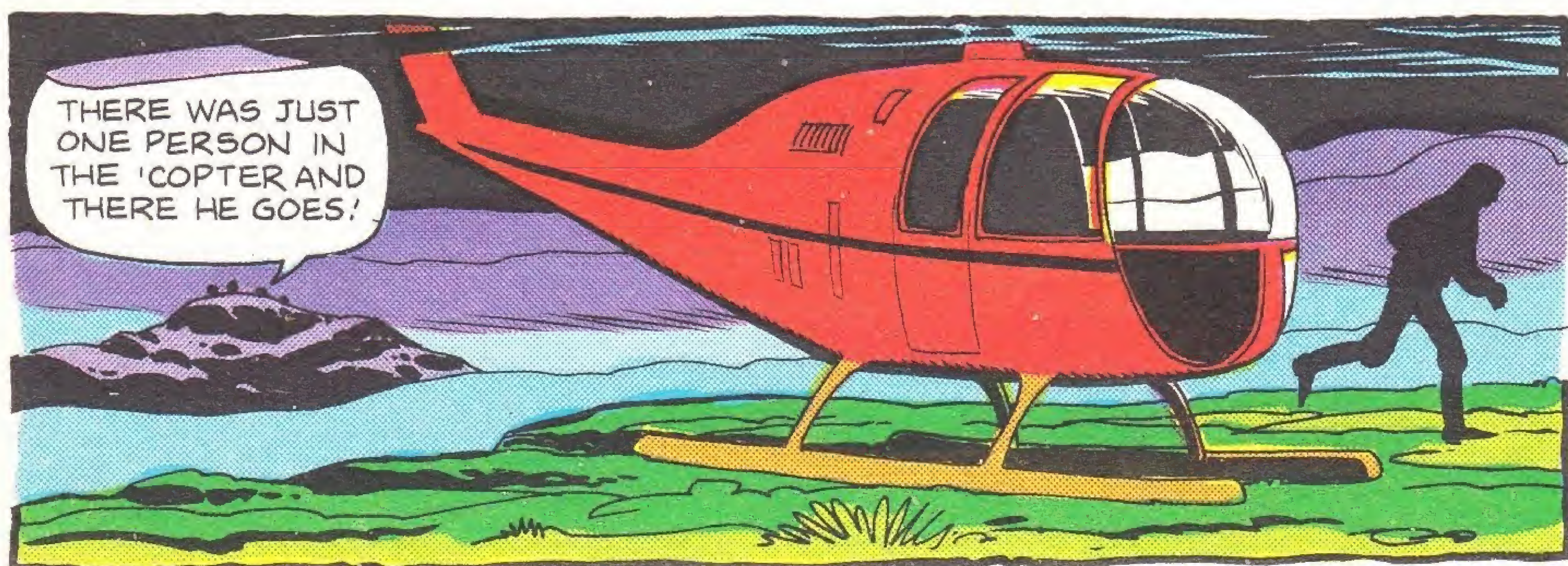
STOP IT,
SCOOPY...
BEFORE THE
HUMANE
SOCIETY
SHOWS UP!



SCOOPY, YOU'RE THE
SECOND-FLATTEST
DOG AROUND
HERE!

THAT WAS
AWFUL!

RAWFUL?
DIDN'T RIKE
IT?





WE'LL KEEP AN EYE ON HIM! WE WON'T LET HIM GET AWAY... WILL WE, SCOOPY?

WHY CAN'T THEY INCLUDE ME OUT!



WHOEVER HE IS, HE'S GOING DOWN SOME SORT OF TRAP DOOR!



FOLLOW HIM, SCOOPY!

DOWN THERE? HE'S GOT TO BE KIDDING!

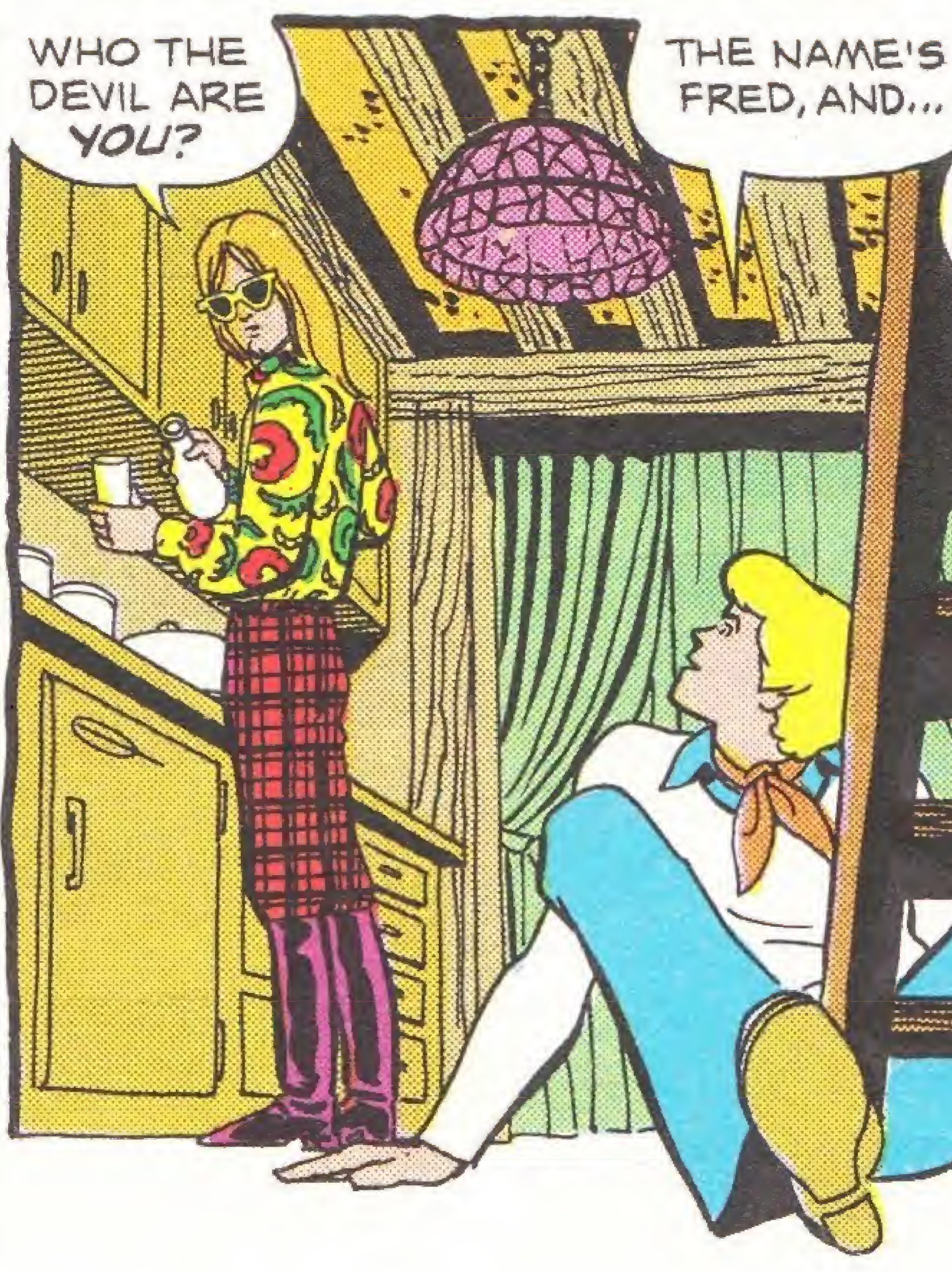


COME ON, BOY! DOWN THE STAIRS!



WHOOOPS!

YOU FIRST!



WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?

THE NAME'S FRED, AND...

HEY, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE! YOU'RE THE ROCK STAR, ELTON MORRISEY!

IT'S...IT'S
**ELTON
MORRISEY!**

IS THERE NO END TO
IT? I BUILD THIS
HIDEAWAY TO ESCAPE
MY FANS AND THEY
FIND ME ANYWAY!



YOU RIGGED ALL
THIS UP? THE
UNDERGROUND
HOME? THE
HOUNDS
HOWLING?

YES, YES...THE
HOUNDS COVERED
THE NOISE OF MY
'COPTER SO NO
ONE WOULD
HEAR ME COME
HOME,
NIGHTS!



NOW, I
SUPPOSE
YOU'LL TELL
THE WORLD
WHERE I
LIVE!

NO! BUT
ON **TWO**
CONDITIONS...

ONE, YOU
FIND SOME-
THING TO
TAKE THE
PLACE OF THE
HOUNDS—THEY
SCARE FOLKS
AWAY FROM
THE HOTEL!



...AND, TWO,
YOU DO A
SONG FOR
US!

IT'S A DEAL!
BUT SOMEONE
WILL HAVE TO
SING **BACK-UP**
FOR ME!

AHEM!



...I SAID-A, ♪
DO WHATCHA WANT,
MY BABY... ♪

HEY, DOG—YOU'VE
GOT A **DYNAMITE**
SOUND THERE!

ROOBY DOOB
DOOBY! SCOOBY
DOOBY DOOBY!

EAT YOUR
HEART OUT,
GANG!



THE END

Next issue: Three phantoms too many!

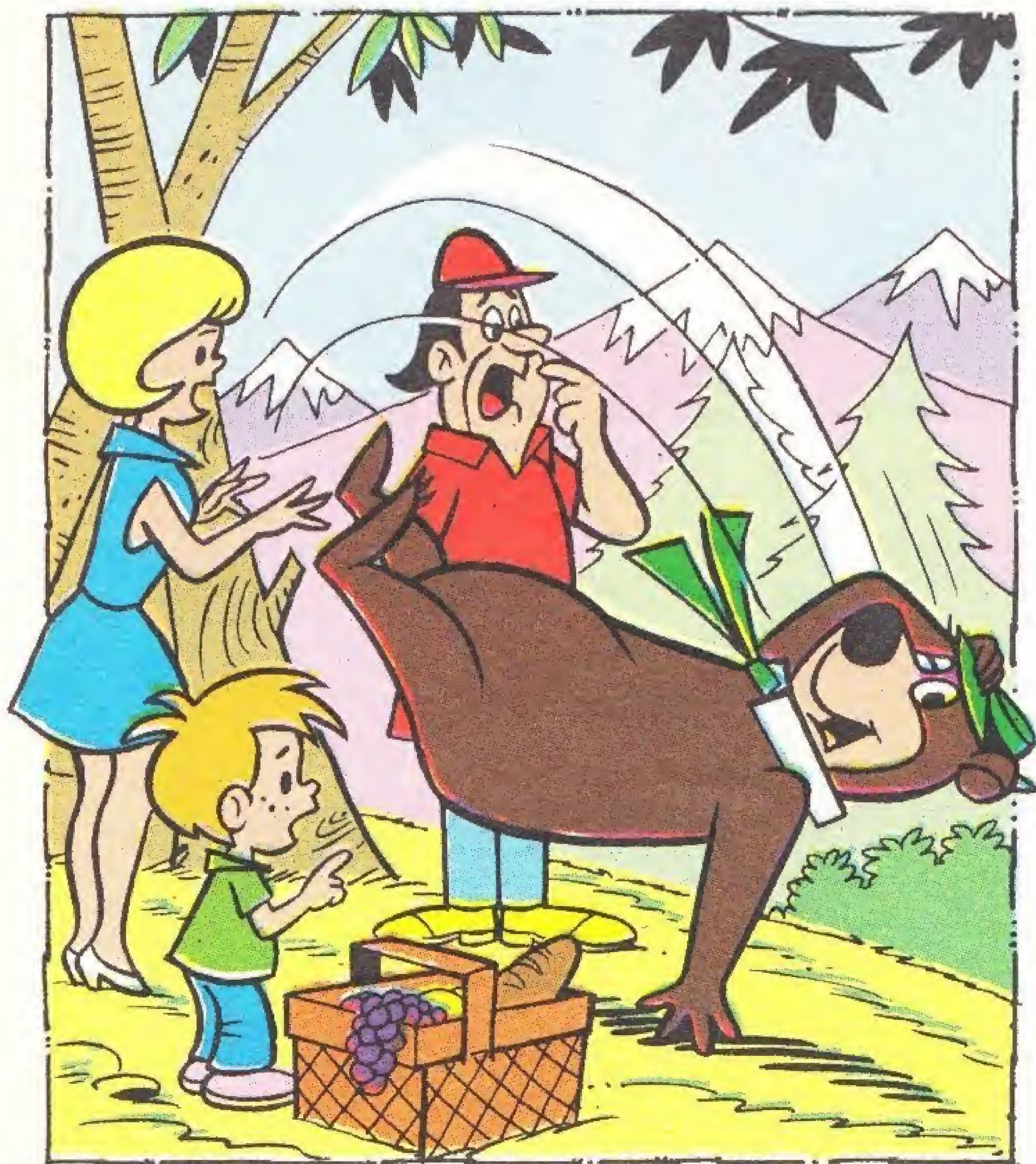
SLIM TRIM YOGI!

"Oh, I feel so faint! Food! I need food!"

Yogi Bear staggered into the picnic area of Jellystone Park. He hopped onto one foot, did a triple pirouette, and collapsed into a heap, at the feet of a visiting family of picnickers.

"Quick, Henry," said the mother. "This poor bear is **starving**! Give him something to eat!"

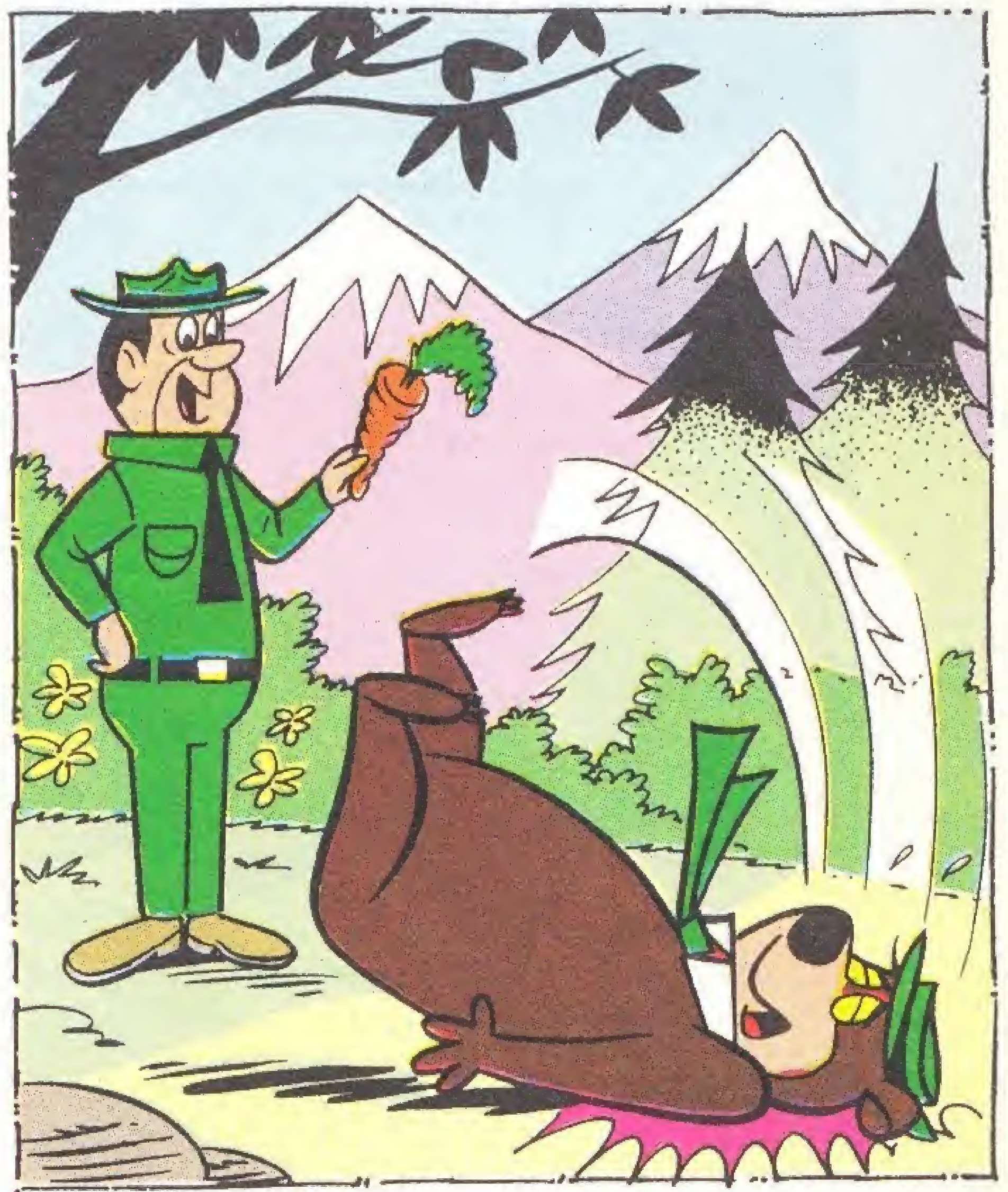
Yogi opened one eye. "I'll have a bit of this, and a bit of that, and a bit of the other – then I'll be off, without any bother!" he sang, chomping down sandwiches, rolls, trifles, cakes and biscuits, all at the same time.



Yogi said his farewells, and disappeared back into the bushes. Then he back-tracked, being pushed by an angry **Ranger Smith**.

"Scrounging again, Yogi? Enough's enough! You're too fat as it is. From now on, I'll make sure you are on a strict **diet**, with lots of hard **exercises**, to get you trim!"

"Diet? Exercise?" Yogi fainted again – but this time it was **for real**!



Ranger Smith was true to his word. Yogi found himself braced with one plateful of **lettuce** a day for his meals.

"This is ridiculous!" he moaned to his best friend, Boo-Boo. "I'm a bear, not a rabbit! What I need is a pic-nic basket, full of goodies to eat!"

"You heard what Ranger Smith said, Yogi," said Boo-Boo. You've got to exercise to lose some of that weight you're carrying!"

Yogi's face brightened. "Exercise! Of course! What a brilliant idea, old chum. This is one bear who's not so dumb!"

Later that day, Boo-Boo found Yogi hanging by his feet from the branch of a tree.

"Good exercise for the legs," Yogi explained. "And for the tum. I'm **smarter than the average bear!**"

Oncealed behind a bush, Boo-Boo watched. A family of picnics rested beneath the tree Yogi was hiding in. When they weren't looking, Yogi swung from his feet above them, taking food from the picnic basket.

Even for Yogi, it was a clever scheme. Or it would have been, if the branch hadn't decided to break under Yogi's weight.

"**Yeeeeeeoww!** Coming in for an emergency landing!" wailed Yogi, falling onto a big cream cake the picnics were about to tuck into.



"Yogi! I've caught you again!" It was Ranger Smith, running up.

Yogi took off in a cloud of dust, with Ranger Smith chasing after him. Yogi was so busy watching the Ranger, he didn't notice the log in his way, until he tripped over it.

"**Wooooaaaaaaahhhhhh!**
R-R-Runaway B-B-Bear!" cried Yogi,

rolling down a steep hill. He landed on the road in front of an important-looking car. The car screeched to a halt.



"Oh, no!" groaned Ranger Smith. "That's the **Head Ranger!** Yogi's in trouble now."

The Head Ranger got out of his car. He started shaking Yogi by the hand. "Well done, Bear!" he said. "I didn't see that ditch in front of me. You saved me from having a bad accident! Name your reward!"

"Well, a pic-a-nic basket would be nice," beamed Yogi.

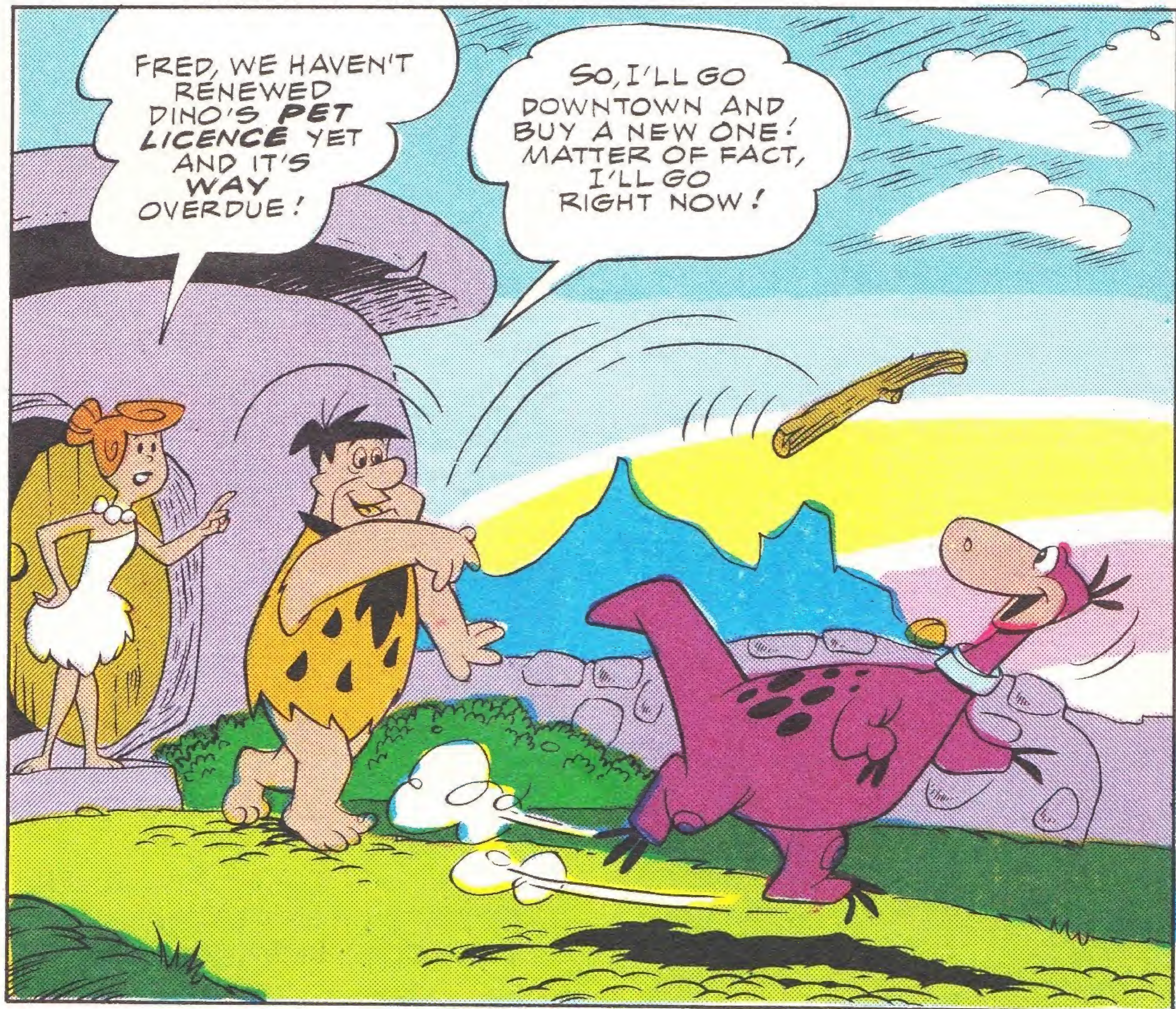
And that's what he got.

Then the Head Ranger looked at Ranger Smith. "Smith! You're too fat! Run three times around Jellystone every day – starting now!" Poor Ranger Smith. As he started his long, long run, Yogi sat down to enjoy his picnic basket of food. "If you're not back by teatime, Ranger Smith," called Yogi. "I'll have yours! Ha, ha!"

THE END

By John Gatehouse

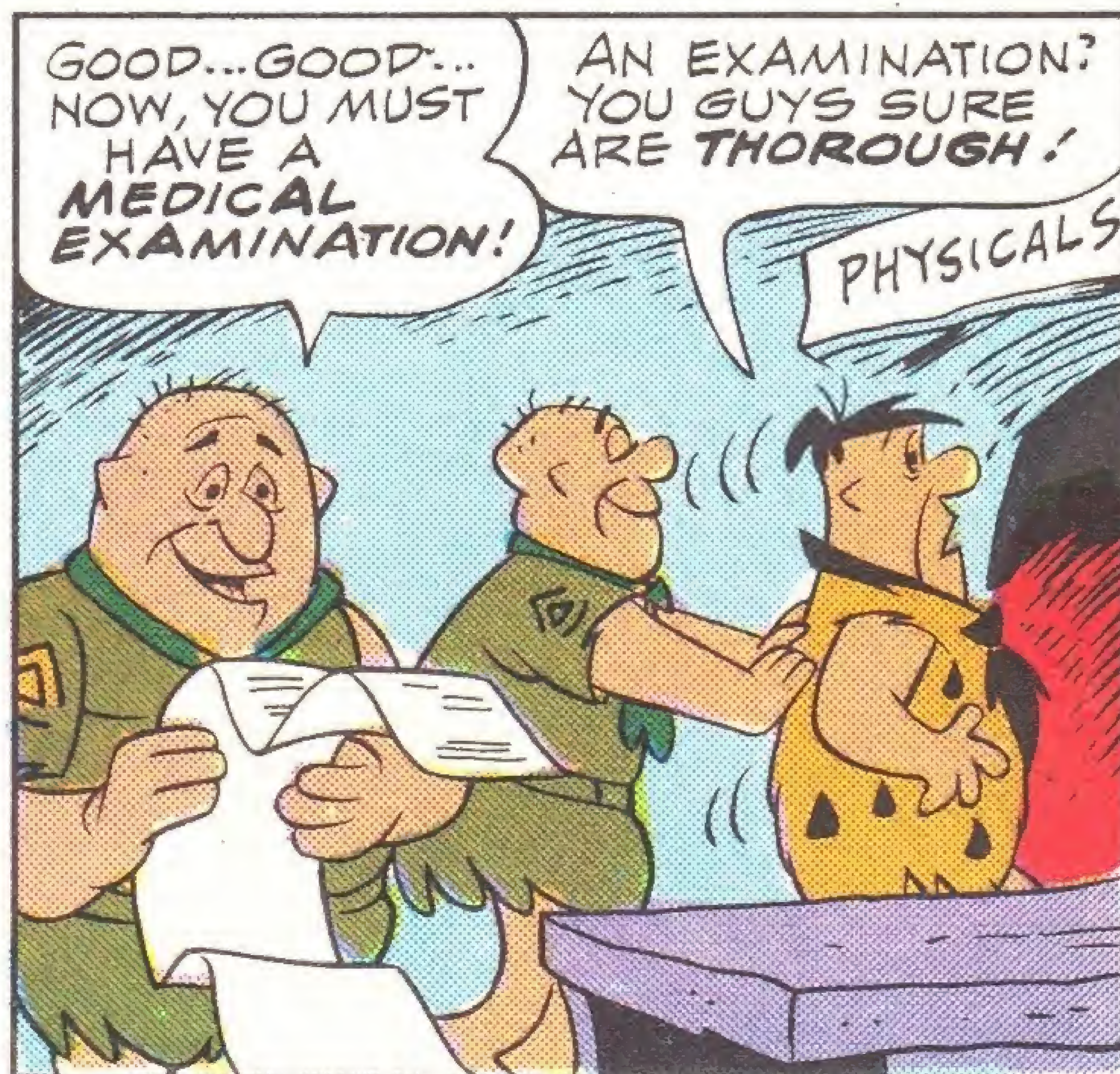
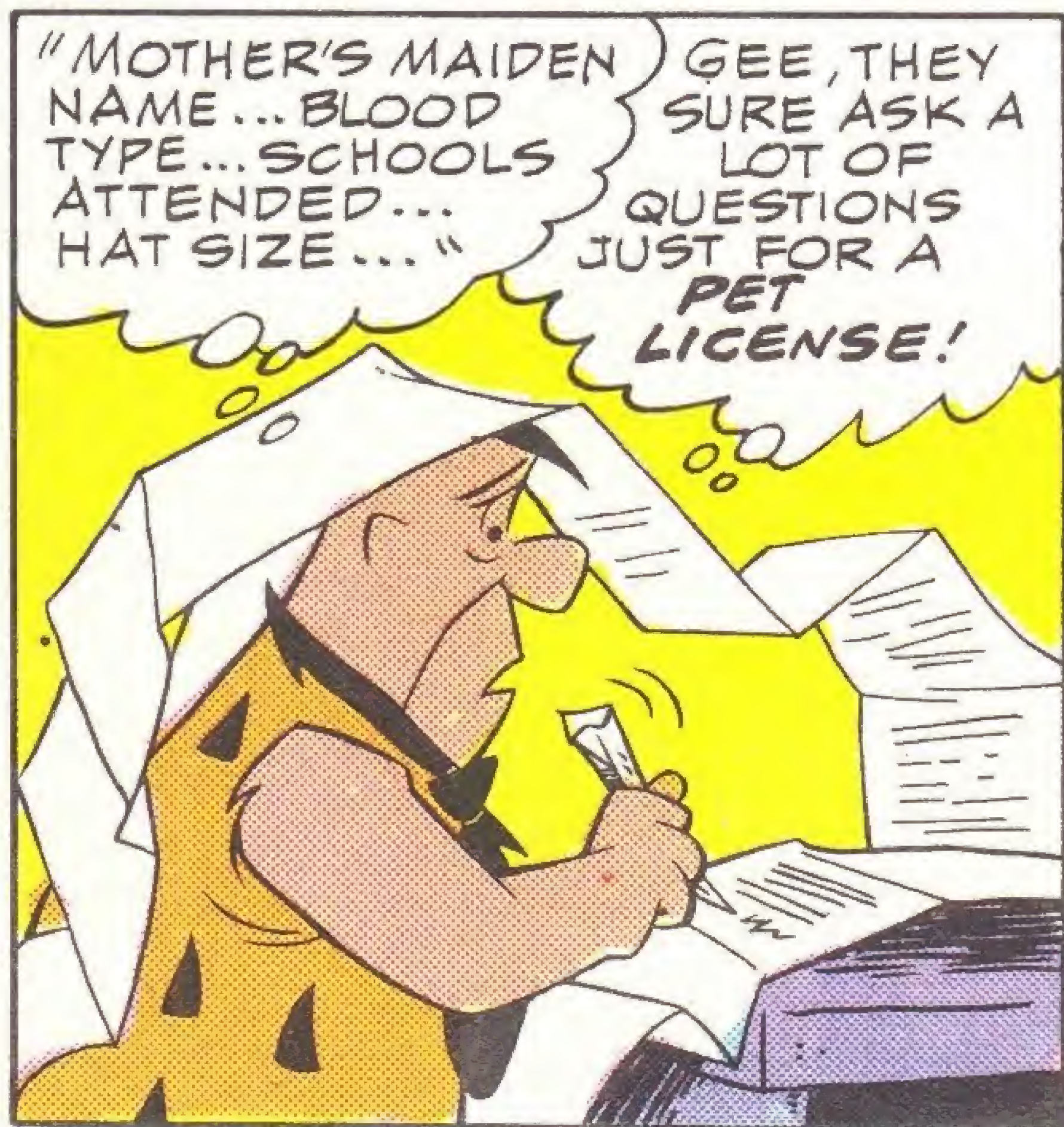
ROTTEN TO THE CORPS

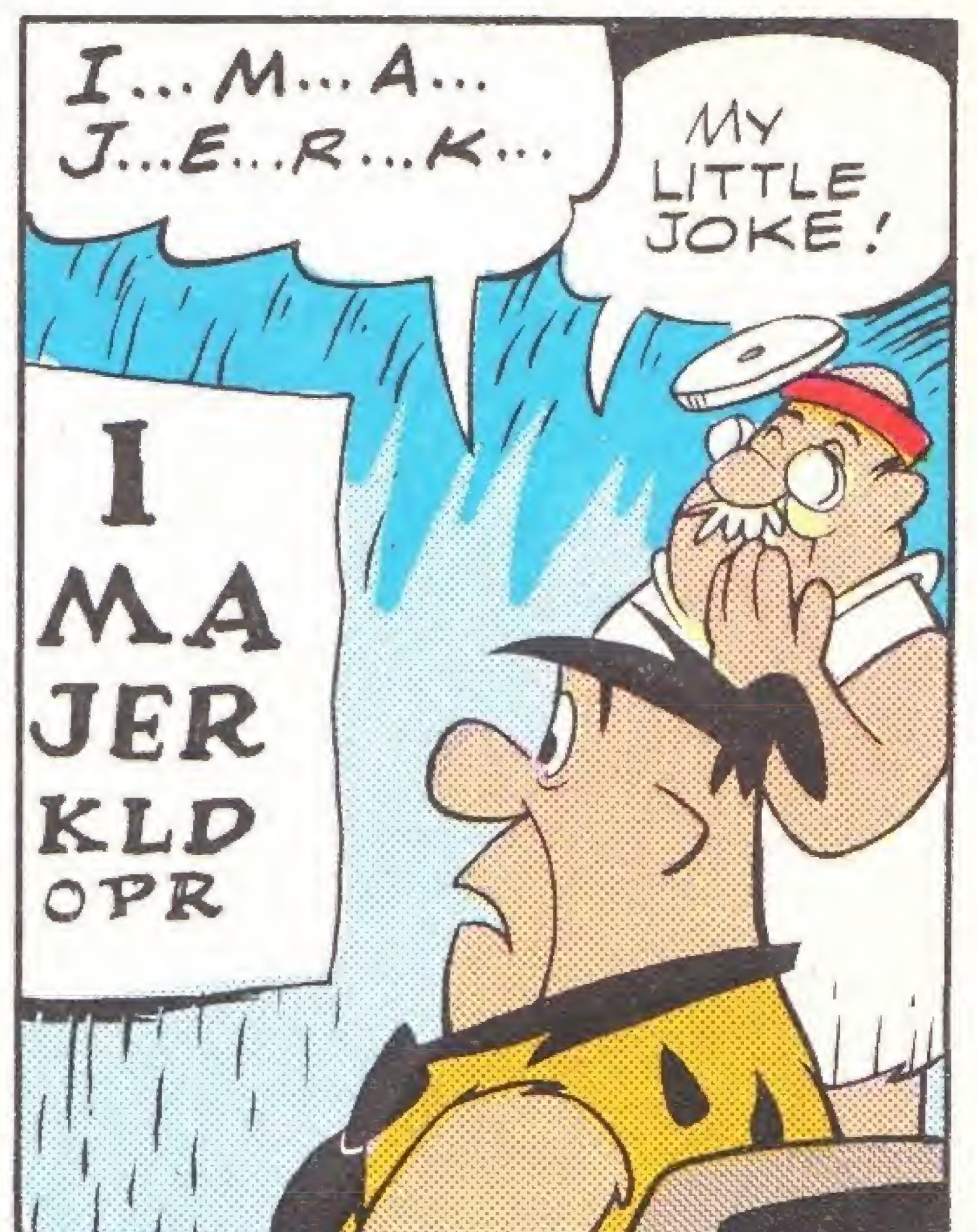
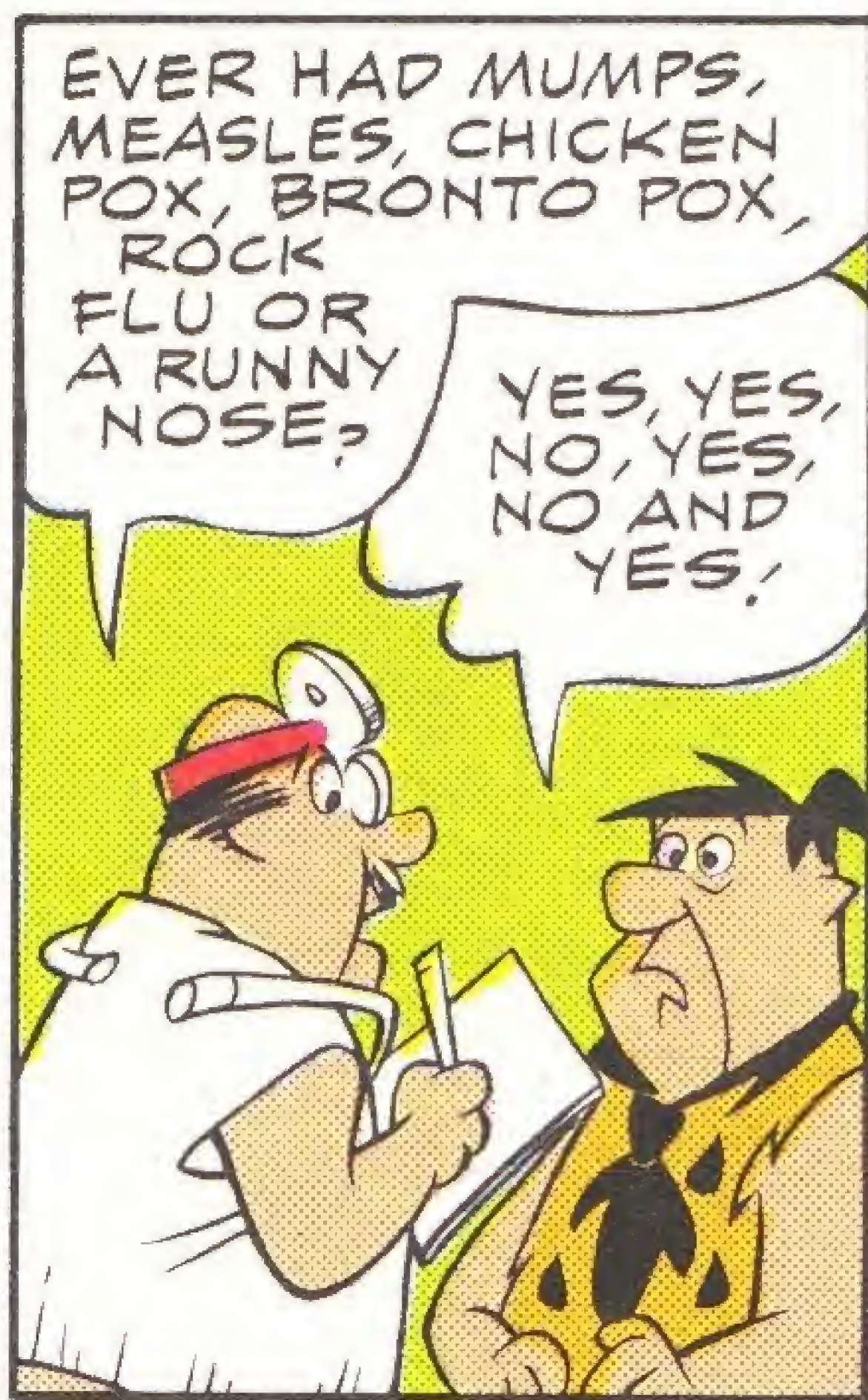


SOON...



INSIDE....







WRITE
TO

FREDD

MRS FLINTSTONE!

Dear Wilma,

I have a complaint. Fred, your husband, does not deserve a wife because he does not treat you properly. So get rid of him. It is not fair. You should marry Barney instead. Think about it, will you?

Yours, Michelle Spink

Wilma says: I'm thinking, I'm thinking. Tee-hee! C'mon Michelle, Fred's not such a bad guy when you get to know him, but like all men, you have to keep him on a tight rein.

TRUST?

Dear Fred,

I don't think you should trust Barney because he always gets you into trouble.

Love, Claire Smith

P.S. I do still like Barney, Betty and Bamm-Bamm!

Fred says: I've had my doubts about Barney before, but in the end he always comes good. That's why he's my best pal.

YABBA-DABBA-WILMA!

Dear Fred,

If Yabba-Dabba-Doo means you feel great, what do you say when you are in a bad mood?

From Adele Mardy.

Fred says: I think this next letter will answer your question...

Dear Fred,

How come when something goes wrong, you shout **WILMA!**

From, Alan Simpson.

Fred says: When I'm in a bad mood and need help, I turn to Wilma. Why? Because she's there, I guess.

LAUGH WITH DINO!

What do you call a deer with no eyes?

No idea!

Jason Anderson.

A flea and a fly pass each other, what time is it?

Fly past flea!

Charles Morrans.

Where do cats keep their savings?

In the Tabby National!

Vanessa.

What do you get if you dial

456890253534678?

A sore finger!

Sadia Quresh.



Write to: Fred Flintstone, Marvel Comics,
13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2.

